to lift her. Spontaneously and from the heart she said, " It would be *nice* to have a Mummy who couldn't lift you ! "

(5;2) U. and R. were rolling over their mother like a pair of puppies one morning when the mother was in bed. R. burrowed into her mother. U.: " Look at R. ! I think she's trying to suck those things she used to suck when she was a baby, don't you ? She remembers."

(5:2) U.:" How can a baby come out of your underneaths ?" *Well, it has to stretch to make room for it to come out** Does it hurt much ? *Well, yes.* Well, I won't have one if it hurts.

It hurts some people more than others and it's nice to have a baby.

(513) U. had a friend to tea, and her mother overheard part of the following game. U. took S. upstairs when she arrived, to her room, where they undressed and re-dressed in some of U.'s clothes. Then they went into the garden and after a bit took off some of their garments. U.: " Oh, ooky (a favourite exclamation), I want to go to the lav. Oh, I can't be bothered to go upstairs. I know, I'll bring the chamber down here and do it here." (She rushed upstairs, brought it down, put it on the garden path, sat on it and "did it" there.) U.," Now you, S." (S. calmly and comfortably did.) U., " We'll keep it here." M. (from the kitchen window, anxious for the suscep-tibility of her neighbours): / *don't think you'd better haveit there. You put it behind the bushes* (a secluded place behind the dining room). U.: " *Good !* We'll play schools and that'll be the lavatory." (She rushed up again and brought down toilet paper. They got umbrellas and hung them on a branch of a creeper, near the " lavatory ", presumably for a cloakroom. They had out U.'s desk and the game went on peacefully for hours.)

(53) U.: " Does age go on till a hundred ?" M.: *Sometimes, but not often.* U. (with the beginning of a whimper): Oh, it's horrid ! *What is ?* How old will you be when

I'm forty ? *About seventy.* U. (whimpering): Then you'll die and I shall miss you. It's horrid !

There was a discussion on surnames and U. said she would be " Mrs. B." when she grew up and her mother said only if she happened to marry a " Mr. B."

U. (on the swing): " I hope I have a girl." *When you grow up, you mean ?* Yes. I won't want one if it isn't a girl. I'll tell my husband. *Well, you can't make whatever you like, can you P*

U. (half to herself, working it out); Well, if there were pink and white seeds for girls and yellow and black seeds for boys and I would tell my husband. (Some questions from her mother): *Do you think he could arrange to have the kind you want ?*